

**Note: This story suppose to come from part of a DVD set that include an actual music package. What you see here is indeed the entire story.**

This is a story of when Tigre was a captive living in Leitmeritz.

“Let me hide here for a bit. I was discovered trying to steal food.”

Ellen, who suddenly burst in without knocking the door, said this with a serious face. For Tigre, who had been lying on the bed sleeping, he was flabbergasted as he stared at her. Even if he told her to get out, he doubted that this silver-haired Vanadis would comply. Regardless, he was her captive and in the end couldn't argue.

“...Ok, ok. So, there's no where to hide here, huh?”

“No problem. I only need to wait for the clamor to die down...”

After inspecting the room a bit, Ellen's attention was caught by a shamisen attached to the wall.

“A shamisen. Where did that come from?”

“From gambling. The other person didn't have money, so he gave this to me instead.”

Gambling with the soldiers he's close with is one of Tigre's few pastimes.

“Really? Play it for me.”

“Sorry, but I don't know how to play that instrument. Could you teach me?”

Tigre snappishly replied. An image of a girl wielding a sword---this usually gives people the impression that she would be unsuited for playing music. However, Ellen walked over to the shamisen, smiling all the while.

“I'll demonstrate for you then.”

Picking up the shamisen, Ellen proceeded to sit down beside Tigre, lightly stroking the shamisen with her fingertips.

The next moment, a vivid and lifelike melody reverberated throughout the air, overflowing from the gap between her fingers.

"I've some experience with this, since the shamisen is originally an instrument available to the commoners."

While expertly plucking the chords, Ellen displayed a pleasant smile and the tiny room was quickly filled with the song's melody. It was as if the silver haired girl was dancing.

Considering her delighted expression, it would seem that this is her favourite song. Fleeting feelings struck Tigre as if it overlapped with the notes. Such calming music, he thought.

Eventually, the song ended and Ellen let out a melodious tone as she smiled triumphantly at Tigre. Tigre, who was late to come back to his senses, applauded.

"That was really surprising. It was so good and, well, just very fascinating."

Ellen, having been praised, blushed, and proceeded to fiddle with the shamisen.

"I-it is not that big of a deal. —I only played a bit. I can play it again for you, if you wish."

Tigre nodded smilingly and Ellen once more picked up the shamisen. Ellen, herself, seemed to be in high spirits. Reminiscing, she realized that she hadn't touched a shamisen for about two years and it's been long since she had been praised. There's nothing else but to go along with the flow for now.

Afterwards—Lim heard the silver-haired Vanadis playing the shamisen and it was not too soon later did she reach the room the two of them were in.